

HOUSEWIVES DAILY
ECONOMY CALENDAR

By FRANCES MARSHALL.

Is Your Work Brain Work?

Did you ever stop to wonder, you who are fortunate enough to be in a home of your own, whether the work that you do is brain work or not?

Roughly speaking, mental work is work that is done almost entirely as a routine process of the hands or body. The swarthy son of southern Europe who wields the pick and shovel in our streets, the girl who works from morning to night in a factory performing one single routine task, are doing work that is largely mental. Is your housework of this order?

In the old days no doubt there was much that was purely routine and had to be done about the house. But now, fortunately for women there is very little work that is not more intellectual than it is menial.

Now we let machinery do the purely routine work of the modern housewife, the vacuum cleaners, carpet sweepers, the plumbing systems in our house, running water, gas and electricity, all these products of modern invention are the slaves of the modern housewife. The work that is left for her to do is the really high class work of supervision. And to classify her work as it is done nowadays by the intelligent woman in her home as menial would be most unfair.

When you make out the menu for the day, taking into account the materials in the house, the needs of your family, the prevailing prices of food, the probable demands of the next day, the condition of your own finances, and the nutritive value of the various foods under consideration, you are calling into play your higher faculties.

Needless to say, the work of the mother in caring for her children, however monotonous it may seem, calls into play the most decided sort of intellectual activity. The mother who brings up a child nowadays has to be something of a dietitian and a scientist.

The woman who decorates her own home no matter if it is a three-room cottage or a two-room flat, has to be something of an interior decorator. Every time you pick out a rug or determine on the kind of wall paper you want for your walls or the kind of curtains you want for your windows, you are exercising your artistic faculties. There is nothing in the work of the average business woman or man in an office who gives this sort of opportunity for the display of one's talents.

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Saturday, February 12, 1916.

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This is not an important day, according to astrology, but the way is kindly, for Mercury and Saturn are in benefic aspect.

Writers should profit greatly, especially those who contribute to periodicals this year.

Educational affairs are happily directed this year and today is particularly auspicious for professors and college students.

New ventures in schools will mark the year. Western institutions will prosper greatly.

Saturn gives promise of gain from mines in the United States. Copper and gold will bring fortunes. Arizona is under a particularly promising way.

Mexico is subject to planetary conditions indicating improvement, reforms and changes that will benefit the people. A citizen of the United States will gain high place in government work and become a power in politics, the seers declare.

There is a good way for all subterranean work. Tunnels, excavations and mining are all likely to bring gain today.

Contracts for building entered into while this configuration prevails should be extraordinarily remunerative.

In certain Southern States business will grow rapidly during the early spring. Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia all have a favorable way of the stars.

Storms of unusual severity are foretold. Journeys by land or sea are not so fortunate, however, and travelers should delay long tours.

Excitement over revelations of graft in high places is prophesied. There is indication of some exposure regarding manufacturing interests, which will affect political conditions.

The sudden death of a statesman is foretold, and his place will be filled by a young man well spring into fame in a week, it is said.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a happy year in which business and domestic affairs will prosper.

Children born on this day are likely to be bright and talented. These subjects of Aquarius usually succeed in whatever they undertake.

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TOMORROW'S MENU.

"Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-hearted person would do well to pause."—LAMB.

BREAKFAST.
Omelet and Cream
Ham and Eggs
Toasted
Orange Marmalade

DINNER.
Julienne Soup
Roast Beef
Escaloped Potatoes
Baked Onions
Cranberry Jelly
Tomato and Chicken Salad
Pineapple Ice Cream

SUPPER.
Crab Newburg
Lettuce Sandwiches
Lemon Cake
Canned Strawberries
Tea

Orange marmalade—Remove the thin outer yellow rind from oranges and boil until tender, changing the water three times. Put through a meat grinder, add the juice and pulp of the oranges and twice the weight of the pulp in sugar. Boil slowly half an hour.

Tomato and cheese salad—Mix half a cream cheese with one green pepper, chopped very fine. Put a thick slice of tomato on each salad plate, on a lettuce leaf, and spread the green cream cheese and pepper. Put a few shreds of pepper across the top and serve with French dressing.

Crab Newburg—If fresh shellfish cannot be had use the canned, of which there are several excellent brands. Break up the pieces of fish and put all in the casserole and saute in a tablespoonful of butter. Then add one glassful of sherry wine and the yolks of three eggs, beaten and put with one cup of sweet cream; season to taste with salt and cayenne. Stir the mixture until it begins to thicken, and then serve at once on hot plates, with sippets of buttered toast.

Recent experiments in England have shown that paper pulp of a good quality can be made from suds, the inexhaustible vegetable product of the White

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FOLK WE TOUCH
IN PASSING

FOR THE SAKE OF A DOLLAR OR TWO.

By JULIA CHANDLER.

(Copyright, 1916.)

In the springtime of his life The Man decided to forego The Right Girl in the interest of his career.

Summer found him self-satisfied and content.

But when he began his journey into the sunset—alone—the pleasures that had satisfied became as Dead Sea fruit, and a hopeless cry for The Right Girl went out from the desolation of his heart.

In the springtime of his life The Man measured his future with calculating eye and weighed with infinite care elements calculated to make for or against the highest success of his career.

In his analysis marriage came in for a deal of consideration, first because he heard much talk concerning the advisability of a young man entering his life work in double harness. Some folk insisted that a wife and home were incentives that urged a chap to his best accomplishment. Others told him that a family was a drag when a fellow was just starting out upon a career.

So The Man observed his friends who married young and came to the conclusion that they might have done better alone. He thought it all out and determined that he would devote his youth to his work, giving an undivided attention to the achievement of his ambition.

"When I have accomplished something worth offering a woman—well



"Tell me, pray, what am I afraid of?"

maybe," he told his intimates who assured him that he could find no inspiration to equal love.

Whereupon they laughed at The Man's pride and said it would crumble quickly enough when The Right Girl came along.

But their prediction did not come true.

The Man had begun his climb up the ladder of success when he met The Right Girl, and knew it.

He spent many an hour in fierce argument with his heart, but it was time wasted.

Whereupon he appealed to what he was pleased to term his better judgment—and won the fight for the creed he had adopted.

So without knowing that The Man loved her The Right Girl slipped out of his life and he let her go—believing that he was following the better, wiser way—the surer road to the success he craved.

In the summer of his life The Man's friends spoke of him as The Bachelor, and twitted him concerning the title. Their gibes and jests provoked his mirth, and if beneath his good-natured laughter there was any painful twinge of memory he gave no sign. In fact he acknowledged no regret, even unto himself, for had he not more than achieved that which he set out to do?

In middle life he had won wealth, an enviable standing in the community, and friends aplenty.

Everybody pointed to him as a thoroughly happy, successful, and contented man.

And everybody was right.

The Bachelor found the world a pleasant enough place. His money supplied his luxuries and saw to it that he was never lonely.

One day a friend who had heard him say when life was at spring that when he had something worth while to offer a woman he would marry reminded him of the statement.

The Bachelor dismissed the subject with the assurance that his mode of life left him nothing to desire.

And to persuade himself that he had spoken the truth he spent even less time than formerly alone accepting the flattery of his sycophants; enjoying the hospitality of his club; avoiding the friends who insisted upon boring him with their talk of their domestic happiness.

So he skimmed but the surface of life and knew not that he did.

Time came when The Bachelor looked across the winter sky straight into the Sunset of life. The summer was fled, and its pleasures lay like strewn leaves at his feet. Younger men were lionized in society, and stirred the pulse of the business world. Younger men usurped his one-time leadership at his club. Springtime and summer were all about him yet The Bachelor was already bathed in the sunset glow, while the winter snows touched his hair, and chilled his heart.

With an unfamiliar sense of desolation gnawing at his heart he turned to The Friend.

"Tell me what ails me," he pleaded. "You and I began the serious business of life about the same time. You have not been so successful as I, yet you are content."

The Friend turned upon The Bachelor eyes that reflected the peace of his soul, but his lips hesitated.

"If you know the truth of my discontent, tell me," cried The Bachelor. "I have more money than I need. I have had a gay life with all that wealth could buy. I have gone through the years believing that I was extracting from life all it had to offer, and suddenly I am afraid."

"Tell me, pray, of what I am afraid."

"Of the winter," answered The Friend.

"In the beginning I shared your belief that in the interest of his career a man should walk the way alone. But when love came to me it performed a service it failed to perform for you," he went on.

"For me it lifted the veil of the future. I saw the springtime of greater struggle because of the burden of a family. I saw a summer of less plenty for myself if I should marry. But beyond the summer I saw the winter—the chill days when the tide of life begins to ebb, and the heart of man

yearns as never before for companionship. Behind the veil lay the sunset into which I saw that I would walk in utter desolation if I walked alone."

Suddenly The Bachelor held up a protesting hand, for the words of The Friend touched the secret spring beneath his discontent, and held before his eyes the picture of an open hearth before which stood two deep chairs bathed in the fire-glow. In one sat The Friend, and as the twilight shadows of a winter's day deepened across the land he reached out a hand toward The Little Lady who had companioned him through life, and her gentle smile followed her response to his tender caress.

As The Bachelor watched with straining eyes the children that had blessed the springtime and summer of The Friend's life came into the picture, radiating youth and strength in their budding manhood and womanhood, and as they came the wonderful contentment in The Friend's eyes deepened, while the face of The Little Lady was radiant with pride and happiness.

MME. LOUISE HOMER
DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

Remarkable Contralto Displays Versatility, Beauty of Tone, and Artistic Feeling at National.

Mme. Louise Homer was welcomed by an audience which filled the National Theater yesterday afternoon and which gave unbounded approval to the display of versatility, beauty of tone, and artistic feeling by a remarkable contralto.

The program of unusually well selected songs opened with a group of German songs, the first number being a devotional song by Schubert, and then to Mme. Homer's organ-like tones. Two graceful songs by Schumann followed, and two songs by Brahms, "Sappho Ode" and "Schachtel". Both of these last, impassioned love songs, were of the rich depths of the low tones and the full high tones of Mme. Homer's sympathetic voice to splendid advantage.

Most impressive was the aria "Che faro senza Euridice," from Gluck's opera, "Orfeo ed Euridice," in which Mme. Homer recently sustained the role of "Orfeo" and gave a most brilliant and simple and with the simplicity of perfection, requiring delicate phrasing, was interpreted by Mme. Homer with a lofty pathos, and a sweet, tender tone, which charmed the listeners and called forth a storm of applause. As an encore she gave Delilah's song "My Heart at Thy Sweet Vocation" from "Samson."

Four beautiful songs by Edine Homer, Mme. Homer's husband were enthusiastically received.

A descriptive song by John Alden Carpenter, "On the Shore of Endless Worlds," was rendered impressively by Mme. Homer's remarkable interpretation. The program ended with a group of old Irish songs, given with captivizing grace, and the audience refused to leave the theater until another song was heard. This encore was the familiar "Calm as the Night."

Mme. Homer's voice is more lovely every year and its remarkable resonance, sweetness, and splendid strength, together with her powers of interpretation, place her in the first ranks of the present day singers.

Mrs. Edwin Lapham, at the piano, made an excellent impression by her sympathetic and artistic accompaniments.

M. J. S.

DAILY SHORT STORY.

The Other Side of the Wall.

By KEITH KENYON.

Miss Withrow had come of one of those very old Southern families reduced by the war, and it was natural for her to look down upon anybody born north of the Mason and Dixon line. Add to that a difference of opinion about a proposition in plane geometry and you have—rather than a quarrel—had, thought she had two very good reasons why she should consider Professor Warrencourt entirely beneath her notice.

In spite of his dignified title, the professor was not old, not even middle-aged, and he was very good looking. Also, he was very much in love with Miss Withrow, and the fact that she gave him no opportunity to show it.

He lived in a quiet little brick-paved street that had sumac trees down either side, and the little dull two-story brick house behind the trees all touched shoulders like a row of toy soldiers in a box, as straight and prim and proper as their very respectable occupants.

Right next door in another tin-soldier house lived Cora Withrow. And although she had lived entirely alone since the death of her father, the professor, helpless male, and a house keeper in the form of Maggie McGill, whom he had brought with some of the good old pieces of furniture from the big old homestead up North. But Charles (the professor) and Cora had one thing in common—they hated hats and boarding houses and they liked the little quiet street with its toy houses.

Charles had never been inside of Cora's house, much as he coveted an invitation to spend an evening in the little parlor next door. How could he know that even before the geometry of hats she never had thought of having a man caller unchaperoned. One time he had taken her to a literary meeting in the high-school chapel, but even after he rang her bell he was only permitted to stand in the hall a minute while she buttoned her glove.

Dark, foggy, rainy days of November and December, and a wonderful snowy December. Christmas holidays took Charles to Vermont and Cora to Virginia. January had not improved conditions and finally February first started out from Charles's desk calendar one morning and he realized that a third of a year had passed since he had had a friendly word with the pretty teacher.

He thought of a Valentine, then he spurned the idea. She would think such trash silly twaddle—bad enough for the youths they taught.

He was becoming taciturn and intolerant with his classes and his head ached and she went to bed feeling lonely and wretched. One would have wondered how any one could be miserable in such a lovely place as her gray and old rose room, which looked when the dainty occupant was in her canopy bed, like the abode of the sleeping princess herself. Finally she fell to sleep, and the next morning, passed through her brain.

Her head, she dreamed, was hurting dreadfully and as she hurried to a doctor a baby somewhere began to cry. She looked everywhere, but could see no one, but as she hurried on the walls of the baby followed. Suddenly a man began to sing, at first in a low droning voice, then

louder until the noise hurt her aching head. She started to run to get away from the sound, but it followed her. Then the baby started to cry again and the singing and crying pursued her no matter how fast she ran. On she flew, faster and faster, and then she fell—and woke up. She realized then that she was in bed, that her head was aching frightfully, that she was alone, and that she was really crying and that a masculine voice was singing "Solomon Levi" as hard as it could.

She listened. Never before had she known that the partition between the two houses was so thin, for the crying and singing were right on the other side of the wall and distinct enough to be in her own house. She was puzzled. A baby in a dressing gown near a real baby in a cradle? No, that did not mean.

Then the singing stopped, but the yelling continued. All at once her telephone rang downstairs. She slipped out of bed, threw on a kimono and went down. It was the professor's voice that answered her tremulous, "Hello!"

"Is that you, Miss Withrow?"

"Yes."

"This is Charles Warrencourt. I'm in trouble. Do you think you could come over?"

"Why—I don't know, professor. What is the matter?"

"Can't you hear? Don't you hear that baby yelling upstairs? I think it's dying. For Heaven's sake do come quick!"

A baby! And he said dying. There was only one thing for it—she must go. She flew to her room and got into some clothes and in an incredibly short time was in the house next door. Charles, in dressing gown and slippers, came down stairs with his screaming burden and dumped it into Cora's arms with a sob of relief. "For Heaven's sake, what's wrong with it?"

"It's all right, but the little mite will close her breast and started to walk. 'I don't know! Where is Maggie?'"

"Gone!"

"Gone?" In her dismay she almost dropped the baby. With Maggie away the situation was impossible. "Oh, I—I can't stay," she started to protest, and then the baby gave an extra loud shout.

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"Thanks, old man," faltered The Bachelor in a voice that was not quite steady. "You have performed for me a service."

But The Friend doubted the value of the service, for instinctively he knew of the picture his words had conjured into being; knew that its tender beauty withheld the pleasures that had filled The Bachelor's life until they became Dead Sea fruit; understood that his explanation of the lonely man's discontent sent out from his heart a yearning, hopeless cry for The Right Girl who in the far gone yesterday he had foolishly allowed to slip out of his life for the sake of a dollar or two

Mary Pickford
By
TABLES TURNED.

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MY brother Jack and I always hated to see the hours drag by in a "funereal procession," as Jack used to call it.

When things were dull, we racked our brains to polish them up a bit. One summer, several years ago, while we were all at a summer resort taking pictures and resting in-between times, the afternoons were long and yawny.

"Let's stir things up a bit," whispered Jack to me, as we sauntered along toward the edge of the pier, followed by Lottie, Owen Moore, James Kirkwood, and a large, imposing individual who was very attentive to Lottie.

"You stand near the edge of the dock," continued Jack, "watch your chance, and tumble in. You can swim like a fish, Mary, but just to scare them pretend you are drowning and I will jump in and rescue you."

It seemed rather an absurd thing for two grown-ups to plot, but I never could resist Jack's sense of humor, and then, as I said, it was a sultry, uninteresting afternoon, so why not cause a ripple of excitement to stir the others into action?

I balanced for a minute on the edge of the pier, and then over I toppled, parasol and all. Even before I struck the water, I could hear the awful scream that went up from the on-lookers, and above it came Jack's voice: "Stand back, everybody. I will save her. She cannot swim a stroke."

The water was chilly and it seemed to me as if I almost went to the bottom of the ocean before I came up for air. To my horror, Jack was nowhere near me, but just as I glanced up, the large, lumbering individual, to prove himself a hero in the eyes of Lottie, gave a leap and landed a foot away from me in the water.

I took a few strokes, trying to get out of range, knowing he could not swim, but I felt him grab me, and down the two of us went—down, down, and down, fighting like a couple of wildcats under the water. I was trying to get away from him and he was trying to keep me from getting away. I was believing we would both float to the surface. Jack had missed us, and there was no longer any fun attached to it.

Fortunately, Owen Moore, realizing the danger, came diving in toward us, and when he dragged us toward

the shore I was almost unconscious, and both my would-be rescuer and I had some pretty serious moments before the crowd gathered around us was assured we were past the danger point.

Stealing Our Thunder.

Lottie was carried up to the hotel, suffering from hysterics, but Jim Kirkwood, who had laughed uproariously through the whole episode, and had not made a move to either assist or console, sauntered leisurely toward the hotel in time to meet the reporters, who hurried to the scene after receiving word that Mary Pickford was almost drowned on the beach.

Mr. Kirkwood gave them a very glowing account of what a hero he had been and how he had saved the lives of Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Jack Pickford, and a rescuer. The day it came out in flaunting headlines over the fact that I had such a severe shock. And now I am wondering what they will say when they read this bold confession, branding Jack and me as two of those pestiferous creatures known as practical jokes.

Answers to Correspondents.

Maizie J. asks—"Do you know of any exercises prescribed for reducing flesh?"

No, I have never had to take off weight. I would never advise any one to take patent medicines. The effect of the cure is sometimes worse than the disease.

Hattie N.—I have used ice on my face for the last two or three years, and I think it is quite beneficial, as it seems to harden the tissues. Of course, as I must always confess, I am no authority on beauty culture. What may agree with me may seriously disagree with another. When a girl writes and asks me how I keep my complexion clear, I can only tell her what I individually do for it, and always enjoy my daily ice bath, and feel refreshed after it, noticing it stirs the circulation and gives me unusual color.

"Maybe it's a pull," said Cora. "If you light the fire in your parlor, I'll investigate." But no pin was found and Cora renewed her procession up and down Charles keeping frantic step at her side. Suddenly Cora stopped. "Have you fed him?"

"The baby was shrieking as with agony. 'I'll look it up in a minute. If you light the fire in your parlor, I'll investigate.' But no pin was found and Cora renewed her procession up and down Charles keeping frantic step at her side. Suddenly Cora stopped. 'Have you fed him?'"

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